

HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST HOOTERS STRIPPED BARE: FROM A TO DOUBLE D!

Celebrity SKIN

-160



ROSARIO DAWSON • NATALIE PORTMAN • CARMEN ELECTRA • JENNY McCARTHY



VIDA GUERRA • ANNE HATHAWAY • JENNA JAMESON

BRA BUSTERS!

A BIG RACK ATTACK FEATURING...

ROSE McGOWAN • ANNA NICOLE SMITH
RACHEL MYERS • JESSICA PARÉ
JEANNIE MILLAR • SARA RUE & MANY MORE!

Retailers: Display until Jan 30, 2007

\$1.99 U.S. / CANADA

60



www.celebrityskin.com



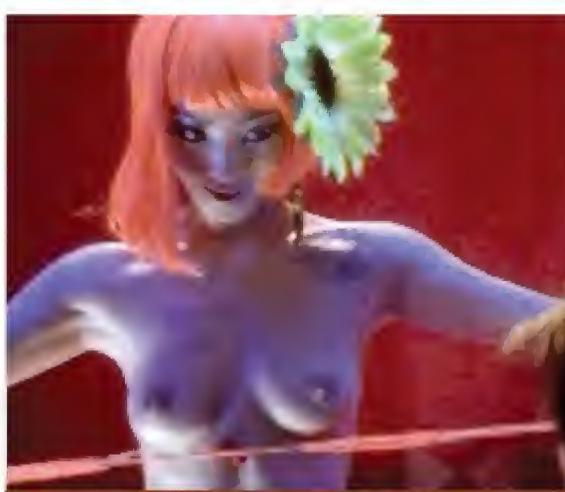
THE SKINNY — Here come some of the most pulchritudinous, pendulous, pert, perky, pokey and perfect pairs of chest pontoons that ever swung from side to side: **CELEBRITY SKIN's BRA BUSTERS!** But first, **FRESH FLESH** features the twin dingalings of Bai Ling (right), the stylish Julia Stiles, the stripperific Natalie Portman and the foxy Bridget Fonda! Next up, **BRA BUSTERS**: the perfectly sexy star of TV's *Less Than Perfect* Sara Rue, Alexander's Rosario Dawson, *Thinking XXX*'s Jenna Jameson, *Havoc*'s Anne Hathaway (right), TV's unreal reality star Anna Nicole Smith, bootylicious Vida Guerra who reminds us to look a little higher on her body and more! Then take a tour of super-spy Austin Powers' greatest tits on display in **SHAGALICIOUS SIRENS**: Heather Graham (below right), Mimi Rogers, Beyoncé, Elizabeth Hurley and Rebecca Romijn! Lastly, we pay tribute to the women of **KNIGHT OF THE PEEPER** such as the sexy and soapy Sativa Verte (bottom right)! Enjoy! —Hollis



Celebrity Skin, Volume 30, No. 160 January 2006. This issue of Celebrity Skin Magazine was published on 4/13/2006. All actors, actresses, models and other persons that appear in any visual depiction of actual sexually explicit conduct, simulated sexual conduct, or nudity were at least 18 years of age when such visual depiction was created.

The Custodian of Records for all visual depiction of actual sexually explicit conduct presented in this issue of Celebrity Skin and governed by the provisions of 18 U.S.C. 2257 and 28 C.F.R. Part 75 is Freddy Delgado. The records required by 18 U.S.C. 2257 are available for inspection by authorized persons at 801 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017.

All other visual depictions displayed in this magazine are exempt from the requirement of the 18 U.S.C. 2257 because they are depictions of simulated sexual explicit conduct or non-sexually explicit nudity or are otherwise exempt because they were created before July 3, 1995.



CAST of CHARACTERS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
HOLLIS JAMES

ART DIRECTOR:
MAGIC MARKAR

MANAGING EDITOR:
FRANCIS BACON

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR:
ANTHONY

SENIOR EDITOR:
RAMSEY STEELE

V.P. PUBLISHING:
VINCENT STEVENS

SON OF GODZILLA:
MINIRA

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR:
DAN VELEZ

DIRECTOR OF IMAGING:
TAD WISTYWEISS



www.celebrityskin.com

Published monthly with an extra issue in May by Man's World Publications, 801 Second Avenue, New York, New York 10017 in the U.S.A. (ISSN 1075-0818) Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to CELEBRITY SKIN Magazine, P.O. Box 642, Mt. Morris, IL 61054. Address all subscription mail to: CELEBRITY SKIN Magazine, P.O. Box 642, Mt. Morris, IL 61054 or call 1-800-596-2329. Subscription price, U.S.A. and Possessions, \$27.95 for one year, \$49.95 for two years. Foreign subscription price, \$42.95 for one year, \$69.95 for two years. Please notify Subscription Department eight weeks in advance of moving for change of address. Back issues: Send \$10.00 and the issue number to Celebrity Skin, 801 Second Avenue, Room 705, New York, NY 10017. Advertising by Half Moon Media Representatives, Inc., 801 Second Avenue, New York, NY 10017 (646-658-7572). Copyright © 2005 Man's World Publications, Inc. PRINTED IN CANADA.

SKINSIDE

The Films of Nicolas Roeg

4

Sexy 80's Movies

6

Puppet Porn: Meet the Feebles

10

A CELEBRITY NIGHT LIFE BEHIND-THE-SCENES EXCLUSIVE:

12

Burning With Talent: The Joanna Angel Interview

12

FRESH FLESH

Bal Ling

16

Brigidet Fonda

21

Gwyneth Paltrow

20

Julia Stiles

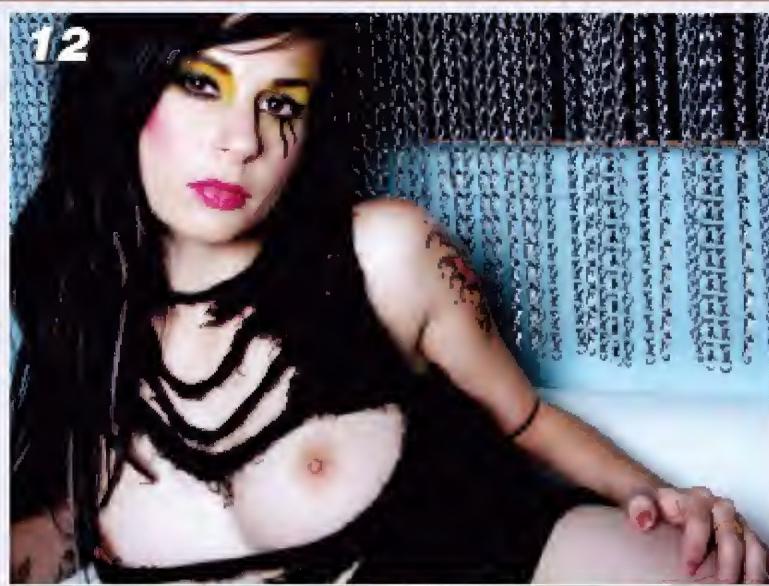
23

Mena Suvari

22

Natalie Portman

18



38



20



22



16



21





BRA BUSTERS

Anna Nicole Smith	24
Anne Hathaway	28
Carmen Electra	42
Christy Canyon	48
Jenna Jameson	38
Jeannie Millar	44
Jenny McCarthy	40
Jessica Paré	34
Sara Rue	26
Rachel Myers	46
Rosario Dawson	32
Rose McGowan	30
Vida Guerra	36

SHAGALICIOUS SIRENS

Beyoncé	52
Elizabeth Hurley	56
Rebecca Romijn	58
Heather Graham	54
Mimi Rogers	50

PEEP-WORTHY VIXENS

Heather Polamis	64
Natalie Notarielle	63
Sativa Verte	60
Tara Ashleigh	66
Tatiana Stone	62



ROEG'S GALLERY THE FILMS OF NICOLAS ROEG

By Hieronymus Posh

In the Nicolas Roeg film *Bad Timing* (1980), Theresa Russell remarks, "I don't think it was a lie, it was words." This thinking could be applied to Roeg's own style of filmmaking, one in which images collide and pile up. Sometimes they resonate and reveal something, sometimes they don't and reveal more. He knows that images can't always be trusted, but it's not their fault.

Starting as a cameraman, Roeg quickly racked up an impressive list of varied credits, including sequences in the David Lean epic *Lawrence of Arabia* (1962), the Roger Corman directed *Masque of the Red Death* (1964), and François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* (1966). In 1968, when he started directing his first film, *Performance*, he had an expert eye and excellent training - he also had the right time in history to make his kind of films. Pop art was explosively experimental and mainstream cinema was growing increasingly stylized and daringly explicit. From the late 60's to the early 80's, Nick Roeg embraced this freedom and directed a series of stylish enigmas that were as fiercely artistic and off-center as any film from a major studio could ever be.

One wonders if Warner Brothers read the *Performance* script beyond the line 'starring Mick Jagger' when they agreed to back the movie. It starts as a British gangster film, but quickly becomes a malevolent cocktail of violence and rock and roll decadence. In it, Chas (James Fox), a criminal on the run, hides out in a decaying townhouse shared by reclusive rock star Turner (Mick Jagger) and his concubines (Anita Pallenberg and Michele Breton). Through stream of consciousness editing, personalities fracture and recombine, and Chas is tested and seduced by Turner's hallucinatory and androgynous lifestyle.

The film's schizophrenic tendencies continued off-screen: it was co-directed by Roeg and painter Donald Cammell; Jagger played a combination of fellow Rolling Stones Brian Jones and Keith Richards; and Pallenberg was dating Keith Richards, who wasn't pleased with Pallenberg and Jagger's explicit screen time. He wasn't the only unhappy one - Warner Brothers refused to release the movie and tied it up in editing battles until 1970, during which time Roeg completed his next film, *Walkabout* (1971). Ultimately, *Performance* took its toll on those involved. Fox left acting to become an evangelist, and in 1996 Cammell emulated the film's finale by shooting himself in the head. Most tragically, Jagger grew a beard for Tony Richardson's film *Ned Kelly* (1970).

1973's *Don't Look Now* is the closest thing to a "normal" movie that Roeg would make during that decade. It tells the story of John and Laura Baxter, played by Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie, on a working vacation in off-season Venice, trying to come to terms with the death of their young daughter. Though more straightforward than Roeg's earlier films, *Don't Look Now* is still a complex visual puzzle. The viewer is never sure if the Baxters are pawns of psychic forces or victims of a tragic string of coincidences. As the title playfully suggests, not every image on screen should be given equal weight; it's up to the viewer to decide what to believe and what to discard. One part in particular kept people guessing.

The controversy surrounding Sutherland and Christie's robust sex scene proved that the audience was looking, and wondering, just how much was faked. For some it proved that the new permissiveness in film was too permissive, but for many it fulfilled the promise of adult filmmaking that "adult" films did not. Though explicit, the sequence is not gratuitous or exploitative. By intercutting mundane shots of the Baxters preparing for a post-coital dinner date, Roeg makes the scene about domestic healing and not just naked gymnastics (though some might want to heed the title's warning as Sutherland brushes his teeth and weighs himself au naturel). With this kind of thoughtful approach to his work, one can understand why noted actors would trust Roeg and take such chances with their performances.

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976) is a sci-fi film that's more concerned with alienation than aliens. David Bowie is perfectly cast as a willowy, weary visitor who comes to Earth to find a cure for his drought-stricken planet, but



becomes a Howard Hughes-like victim of ennui, alcohol, and the all-American need for the material world. As the title implies, this is an earthbound fantasy. The space travel consists mostly of NASA stock footage, and the alien transports on Thomas Newton's home planet look like loaves of bread on rails. Glimpses of futuristic gadgets are few and far between. However, what is on display are the actors' bodies.

If flesh and sex united previous Roeg characters, they are a stumbling block in this film. Rip Torn cavorts with an interchangeable series of coeds to escape dissatisfaction with his life, while Bowie and Candy Clark play a numbing domestic charade that is doomed by fundamental physical differences. Sometimes bodies are downright nasty. The scene in which Bowie reveals his extraterrestrial self to Clark, is a moment of such fleshly angst that it would chill even the mutant chambers of David Cronenberg's heart.

Roeg's next movie, *Bad Timing* defies convention at every turn. It's a murder mystery that neglects to include a murder, while being an erotic thriller that includes a naked Art Garfunkel. To be fair, Garfunkel is quite effective, as Roeg teases another curious performance out of a pop star slightly

out of his element. However, the more interesting bit of casting concerns Theresa Russell. After Roeg had finished with her as the film's focus of obsession and sexual violence, he made her his wife, demonstrating that this director's best art resonates with the events of life.

As the 80's moved on it became evident that Roeg's groundbreaking days were behind him. Films like *Eureka* (1984) and *Castaway* (1986) stand out, but most of his remaining projects mark his progress from auteur to hired gun. *Full Body Massage* (1995), starring Mimi Rogers and Bryan Brown, shows this shift. He's still able to lead his attractive and recognizable cast into daring territory, but ultimately the movie feels like little more than a thinking man's skin flick. It would seem that time, which Roeg fractured and twisted for so long, had its revenge not only on the aging director, but on his industry. His quick cutting and collage-like style had become the norm for music videos and commercials, but with none of the philosophy. When considered in flashback, which is always potent in Roeg's world, his achievements are all the more jarring and spectacular.



SEXY 80's movies

By Sharon Gordin

Nudity is great for things like garnering attention and shocking the shit out of people. If Tara Reid or Paris Hilton is suffering a press slump one week, all either of them have to do is flash her tits at paparazzi, thus making the gossip pages and obtaining clearly more press than she deserves. Madonna was in her early thirties, felt the pressure all sexy symbols feel as they grow older in the public eye, and tabulated a torrid tome of naked photos called *Sex*. Even the non-famous are in on the nude game: college chicks bare their boobs, make out with each other, and moon cameras in the *Girls Gone Wild* series.

The one thing most people don't associate nudity or sex with is comedy. Why is this? Well, perhaps because in real life, being stark-ass naked around other people tends to be more jarring than laughable. Some couples even keep lights turned off in their bedrooms to limit insecurities. Even dreams about running around outside sans clothing call for question. So, in light of this, who could possibly find sex funny? Historically screenwriters have found ways to make us laugh—at the cost of a character's displeasure. Even as early as *It's a Wonderful Life* (1946), Mary is mortified when George steps on her robe's belt, exposing her to the elements. He declares that "someone doesn't get into a predicament like this every day," while she threatens to scream and tell his mother for not returning the garment to her.

In the late '70s and '80s, producers found nudity to be a great way to amp up their comedies about teenagers. In *Valley Girl* (1983), Skip comes over to return Susie's mother's book, going upstairs to find Susie in the shower. Poor Mom gets home and gasps after finding the two of them in bed, as Susie greets her abashedly. Bluto (*Animal House*, 1978) jumped around on a ladder at a sorority house just to check out the sweater girls...well, out of their sweaters and in their skivvies. Who can forget Samantha Baker and her friend envying Carolyn's curves in the shower in *Sixteen Candles* (1984) with a "boing?"

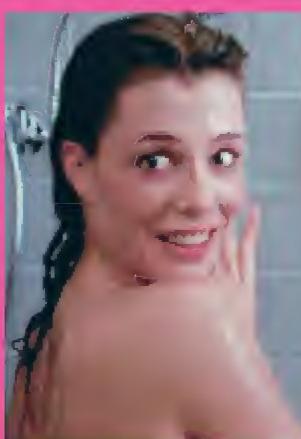
What nudity didn't bring to these '80s teen movies, their great soundtracks did! Not only were these movies a great platform for burgeoning musicians, it was as though the songs were written for the very scene in which they

were played—almost in the vein of a musical. That earlier shower scene in *Valley Girl* is peppered with "Don't Let It Get There," and Randy hid waiting for Julie in Susie's shower as partygoers entered the bathroom to the beat of *Men At Work's* "Who Can It Be Now," just part of an amazing collection that also included *The Plimsouls* and *Josie Cotton*. *Pretty in Pink* (1986) wouldn't have had us wishing we had our tongues down someone's throat in the rain if not for OMD's "If You Leave." Moreover, would Danny Elfman have acquired his success without Oingo Boingo's appearance in *Back to School* (1986)?

Sometimes '80s films went so far as to give us a societal message, many of which are still relevant today. Poor, unfortunate Annie escaped an abusive father both chemically and physically in *Foxes* (1980), while the other characters explored a feminist, in-control approach to sex. Friendship for Angel and Ferris was stressed in *Little Darlings* (1980) as the two vied to see who could lose her virginity first. Julie in *Valley Girl* learned that it was better to choose what you want instead of letting friends make decisions for you. Well, maybe having hippie parents helped.

Eighties movies also introduced us to then unknown supporting actors: Robert Downey, Jr. made himself memorable in movies like *Weird Science* (1985), as two nerds put bras on their heads to create the goddess Kelly LeBrock (left). Randy Quaid had a pivotal role in *Foxes*. *Pretty in Pink* not only gave us Jon Cryer but also Gina Gershon. Kiefer Sutherland was enigmatic in *The Lost Boys* (1987), and today has one of the most addictive TV shows in Fox's 24.

Alas not everyone went on to bigger things: Billy Zabka was a great mean-kid character actor in movies like *The Karate Kid* (1984) and *Back to School* (1986), but who's he picking on today? James Spader still acts on TV, but unlike his blowjob-ready customer Julian in *Less Than Zero* (1987), he doesn't seem to star in many films. Judd Nelson was a great metalhead stoner in *The Breakfast Club* (1985) and went on to costar in NBC's *Suddenly Susan*, but you read more about his alleged involvement with prostitutes than his acting career. Speaking of Molly Ringwald, she guest-starred in a great role as a blind art teacher on *Medium*.



recently, but wasn't she the reason half the country went to '80s movies? And where are Ralph Macchio and Scott Baio hiding anyway?

Of course these movies had other things in common. In the '80s, it was almost as if you weren't a teenager unless you, like, totally lived in the rad San Fernando Valley, dude, or lived by a beach. You had to at least talk the talk, and parents were either completely absent or didn't get you. Also, in addition to crazy clothing patterns and pastels, everyone seemed to wear a lot of electric blue and cheddar yellow. And why did everyone seem to have those dopey paper-hat-clad fast-food jobs?

Here are a few of our favorite sexy '80s flicks that should fill your desire for teenage T&A:

THE LAST AMERICAN VIRGIN

WHAT MADE IT SO TOTALLY '80S:

Only one of the greatest soundtracks ever—featuring The Cars, Devo, The Tubes, and a then-little known band called U2, not to mention great love songs by Journey, The Commodores and TK ("Just Once"). Fashion-wise, it was stripes on shirts for both genders, one strapped shirts for the chicks, and lifted collars for the guys. Gary's parents were total fogies. He also was he delivery boy at the sexually-named Pink Pizza. There was also the typical opening scene of the camera panning over the Valley (which, by the way, they also did in *Valley Girl*).

GREAT TIP FOR THE AGES:

When people demand cocaine and you're out, rip open Sweet 'N' Low packets in a pinch. Also, sometimes the biggest nerd also has the biggest dick, see Victor.

LITTLE KNOWN ACTORS WHO BECAME FAMOUS LATER:

Diane Franklin amused us throughout the '80s in supporting roles in *Better Off Dead* and *How I Got Into College*, and it looks like she's back at some point this year in *Punchcard Player*—alas, as a supporting actress. Winifred Freedman was a nerd character actress in a variety of venues.



WHERE DID THESE ACTORS GO?

Steve Antin showed promise later in *The Goonies* and *The Accused*, and Lawrence Monoson co-starred in *Mask*, but many of them were never heard from again.

LESSON LEARNED:

Giving your heart to someone sometimes just isn't enough. And for fuck's sake, wear a condom if you're going to get with mean crab-infested hookers.

SEX/NUDITY SCENES THAT CRACKED US UP:

Brenda running out topless, only to encounter Gary's parents, along with Roxanne and Rick; portly pal Dave screwing Carmela to the tune of "That's the Way (uh huh uh huh) I Like It". Honorable mention: all the boys in the locker room lining up to see who "has the biggest tool" and who would go on to "win the pool!" Um, it seems rather odd today that even viewed through the pastel-colored glasses of the eighties, no one back then viewed this scene as the least bit homoerotic.



JUST ONE OF THE GUYS

WHAT MADE IT SO TOTALLY '80s:

Cheesy synth music, off the shoulder shirts, wide lace hair-ties a la "Like a Virgin" Madonna, ankle boots on the girls (not to mention the white leather outfit Terry wore on her date with Kevin), and zebra stripes, muscle shirts and skinny ties on the guys. Lots of blue and yellow for both genders, parents on vacation, and a prom on the beach.

GREAT TIP FOR THE AGES:

Break off an eraser tip if you lose your earring backing.

LITTLE KNOWN ACTORS WHO BECAME FAMOUS LATER:

Arye Gross and Sherilyn Fenn.

WHERE DID THESE ACTORS GO?

Joyce Hyser (Hello? She's the star!), Billy Jacoby, Billy Zabka, and the guy who played Rick.

LESSON LEARNED:

You can be a feminist even if you're a hot chick. Of course, that doesn't mean you can have boring ideas, or get to drive.

SEX/NUDITY SCENES THAT CRACKED US UP:

Buddy telling Terry to get out while he bangs Sandy the Fish Girl, and Terry showing off her tits to Rick, leaving him to explain to the entire prom: "It's ok, he has tits." Honorable mention: any time Buddy despaired over his intact virginity.



PORKY'S

WHAT MADE IT SO TOTALLY '80s:

Well, this one was actually set in the '50s, so much of music and fashion reflected that era. However, there was still a ton of cerulean blues and Velveeta hues. Plus it was also set by a beach (in Florida), and Pee-wee's mother actually believed his excuses for staying in bed.

GREAT TIP FOR THE AGES:

Jiu Jitsu can get you out of a tight spot.

LITTLE KNOWN ACTORS WHO BECAME FAMOUS LATER:

Kim Cattrall and Boyd Gaines.

WHERE DID THESE ACTORS GO?

Oddly enough, none of the film's stars were really that memorable. So they went...uh...Who cares?

LESSON LEARNED:

Being anti-Semitic or racist (or both) is really lame. Also, if you try enough times, you will defeat the bully.

SEX/NUDITY SCENES THAT CRACKED US UP:

A three-scene sequence had it all: Kim Cattrall's character howling like a dog whenever she came (and might have very well been her audition for a much later role as Samantha Jones on *Sex and the City*); Beula Balbricker grabbing Tommy Turnbull's member after he placed it in a peephole leading to showering girls; and the ensuing scene with all the coaches in the principal's office deliberating over calling said member a "tallywacker." You didn't know if you were laughing because it was actually funny or because the male gym staff couldn't stop snickering.



FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH

WHAT MADE IT SO TOTALLY '80s:

Opening at a mall with the Go-Go's "We Got the Beat," everyone is shown at a job they'd rather die than have: Stacy and Linda waitress at a pizza parlor and Mark Ratner ushers at a movie theater. Bonus: a camera pans over a row of girls in tight Jordache jeans. Also, Mike Damone's scalping \$20 Van Halen (with David Lee Roth, no less) tickets were considered expensive (as if most of us wouldn't spend over a hundred now to see that happen). And who could forget the original vans-clad surfer/stoner Jeff Spicoli?

GREAT TIP FOR THE AGES:

If all else fails, play side 1 of Led Zeppelin's IV. Just don't forget your wallet at home.

LITTLE KNOWN ACTORS WHO BECAME FAMOUS LATER:

This movie had the best graduating class ever: Sean Penn, Eric Stoltz, Anthony Edwards, and a little known actor who called himself Nicholas Coppola—better known today as the walking enigma Nicolas Cage.



WHERE DID THESE ACTORS GO?

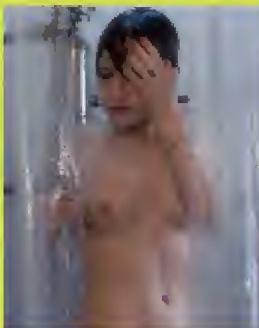
Judge Reinhold and Jennifer Jason Leigh had some other great roles for awhile, but where are they now? Phoebe Cates decided to raise her and Kevin Kline's kids after a few other acting roles, but Robert Romanus these days might actually be a ticket scalper by now.

LESSON LEARNED:

The customer is always right. Also your girlfriend won't always be there for you after you get fired for threatening to kick 100% of a customer's ass.

SEX/NUDITY SCENES THAT CRACKED US UP:

Once you lose your girlfriend, feel free to jerk off to your sister's best friend—fantasizing about her topless by the pool as she lets you know how cute she always thought you were. Honorable mention: Stacy and Linda giving blow jobs to carrots in the school cafeteria.



WARNING!
PUPPET NUDEITY

MEET THE FEEBLES

By: Slim Handson

In uncertain times, one thing you can always count on is that the New Zealand native director Peter Jackson knows how to throw a party: a perverted party that is. Well known for his epic entertainment spectacles including the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy (2001/02/03) which featured a bevy of beautiful fairies and other hobbit-humping hotties, and the recent big-dick swinging remake of *King Kong* (2005), which had the always wet Naomi Watts being served-up as (master)bait for the big ape. But before all the bulging big-screen budgets and Hollywood fanfare, Jackson made the infamously rude, endlessly crude, sloppy sock-puppet parody *Meet the Feebles* (1989), a film that single-handedly put a moist mountain of masochism in the marionette.

This forlorn porn for the puppeteer is a black (and blue) comedy in which the puppets are the ones giving the finger. Literally. It tells the fatalistic fable of the Fabulous Feebles Variety Hour, a theatre troupe who pull out all the hopped-up stops in order to satisfy their felt-fetish fantasies and dreams of on-stage stardom. Everything goes down (and eventually cumbs back up) the night the group aims to get their show syndicated in front of a live television audience. Hairy-hilarity ensues as back-stage drug-deals, animalistic orgies, back stabbing blow-jobs, devlous doggy date-rape, divine-bovine bondage, and a impromptu side snuff film consume the cast in a downward spiral that'll end in a nihilistic nirvana.

"Poke with the old pork-sword!" Heldi the hungry-hungry-hippo, the star of the show, takes up center stage as the bipolar, big-bottomed beauty that bares her fabric-fatties when she spreads her love for Bletch, the whore loving walrus boss. Besides food, he's the only thing she loves to stuff herself with. In-between belittling the cast, Bletch hammers his fury-feline mistress, a purring prostitute named Samantha. His enforcers include a buff bulldog named Harry and Trevor, the raunchy rat who directs the puppet-porn films starring the likes of The Masked Masochist (the cock-roach) and Madame Bovine (an udderly-pierced huffer). Dennis, a pant-beating anteater, who has a nose for nasal-sex, is convinced to take part in the muff-movie and later has to test the latest shitment of



snuffleupagus which will blow his mind. When Heldi gets scorned by Bletch's pussy-philanthropy, the entire per-porn-ance becomes jeopardized.

"I can feel it coming on, it's going to be a gusher," says Arthur, the cigar smoking book worm, who wiggles around as the stage manager who has to wrangle this cast of misfits, and Sebastian, the faggoty-fox stage director whose penchant for sodomy encompasses a silly dong-song and a stage set that includes phallic pillars that spray a milky-melodic mist. Harry, the nauseating-narrating rabbit, comes down with what he thinks is the BIG disease, turning him into a puss-popping, puke inducing derelict. His opening orgy scene might not get your fraggle-rocks off, but his stage-clearing vomit-comet during his moment to shine, will certainly turn your stomach. Wynyard, the amped-up amphibian, is a Vietnam vet addicted to "every barbiturate known to man," who has battle flashbacks during his knife throwing performance. His injected dejection puts the perfect perspective into the shoot 'em up style of Jackson's sadistic sarcasm.

"Eat lead you man-stealing slut!" Rounding (and pounding) out the kinky-cast are two odd, copulating couples. Robert, a heavy-hearted hedgehog, is the newest member of the lewd-crew, whose rubber-soul has only one vice—his need to noodle Lucile, the pretty poodle, with his nookie monster. She's the whore-us girl that gets slipped more than just a slick-mickey by Trevor as he pillaged her pedigree with his weasel-woody. Sidney (elephant) the whip-wielding animal trainer denies plunking Sandy (chicken) with his love-trunk despite the clear appearance of Seymour, the her half-elephant/half-fowl fledgling. It





looks like he'll end up with egg on his face when she goes after him with a pending pater-naughty suit. It all adds to rotating raunch and copious cum-guzzling that push the limits of the entire production.

Before the final squirtin' curtain falls, Heldi, who's failed suicide turns into a shooting spree with an M60 machine gun, brutally blasts her way through the puppet-players, feverishly firing at everything in her path. Exploded loads and mutilated members are spread systematically over the set as her sexual frustration turns into a carnal cast-ration. In the aftermath, the few survivors are shown living their different listless-lives. Robert and Lucile get married and he becomes a photographer for a women's magazine. Sydney ends up making a go as a struggling horticulturist with his newly embraced son Seymour. Arthur is awarded for his lifelong service to the theatre and Sebastian writes a novel about the events and is currently in negotiations for the film rights. Heldi ends up spending ten years in a female penitentiary and is released back into the community, working under a new identity as a checkout girl in a supermarket.

If *Sesame Street* is where all the good puppets go to hang out, drinking cherry-cokes and sharing baskets of fries, then *Meet the Feebles* is skid row, a place where the puppets snort endless lines of coke, get fried, and take it from behind. These mountable muppets pound and puke their way straight from the gutter, brazenly tackling the taboo in the only film that could possibly pull-off a final nasty-number that's not-so tastefully titled *Enjoy the Act of Sodomy*. So, raise your cum-dummy and shoot a salute to the troupe that had an Oscar winning director showing us how they "rock the cock-sock" in his native New *Feeble-land*!



Celebrity NIGHT LIFE



BURNING WITH TALENT

An interview with Joanna Angel
on the set of *Porny Monster*

By Hollis James

The first thing I notice about Joanna is that she's tiny. She's not tiny when it comes to her beauty, sex appeal or any of her other womanly weapons. Joanna's simply tiny in that "you want to pick her up and put her in your pocket" way. But beware: Joanna isn't the girl next door; she's the girl that broke in next door! Shooting ends on the final scene, featuring a DJ (Tommy Pistol) having sex in the DJ booth, and director Joanna—wearing pajama pants and a refreshing lack of make-up—sits down for an interview.

Celebrity Skin: Is this the first film you've directed?

Joanna Angel: No, I directed *Joanna's Angels* and *Joanna's Angels 2*. Directing is stressful, but I really like it.



CS: Will there be a time when you're in the middle of a sex scene and you'll stop having sex because, as the director, you see something that's not going right on the set technically?

JA: No. I have a crew that I trust who are basically my eyes when my eyes can't be there. I make sure that everyone knows exactly what I need and they make sure that I get it. But a lot of my work is done in pre-production. That's when I explain what I want done. And I have a lot of fun writing the script.

CS: I was going to say just in the short time I've been here I've seen some really funny stuff. Is making sure there's humor in the script something that's important to you in your films?

JA: I always liked writing funny stuff. My favorite movies are funny movies. It's just what I've always been inclined towards. I know some people in the same genre of porn as I am, they either like it more crude or artsy; my way of expressing my creativity is with humor. I'm doing the kind of films I want to see.





CS: You mentioned your genre of porn. People call it either "alt-porn" or "tattoo-porn" or whatever. Does it bother you that people always have to come up with a phrase to separate you from the rest of porn?

JA: Sometimes. Like why can't they just see what I'm doing as just what I'm doing? I don't know why it has to be labeled as something. But it's like that with everyone. Like if you're in a band, people have to categorize you in order to put you on the shelf: oh, you're a metal band or you're a thrash band or a punk band.

CS: It makes it easier for the audience.

JA: Right. It kind of makes it easier for the public. So, calling what I do "alt-porn" sort of makes sense, cause it is a little different. But sometimes that label makes me feel a little weird. And I don't want that label to limit my audience. Sure a guy from Brooklyn who watches my stuff will probably like it, but some 45-year-old man from the mid-West may watch my stuff and like it too, and that's good. So I don't want that label of "alt-porn" to limit my audience, cause I really want to make porn that everyone will like.

CS: You mentioned earlier that you enjoy working with the same people. Is that to make you more comfortable?

JA: Yes, with the crew. I've definitely narrowed down my crew to people I'm really comfortable with. Unfortunately I can't use the same girls in every movie, because people want to see a variety. But at the same time my movies are like Kevin Smith movies, in that there are certain people who are always there. Certain people come and go, but I'm always there, Tommy Pistol's always there, James Deen is always there.

CS: Who is that drop dead gorgeous girl with wings tattooed on her back?

JA: That's Pixie! You missed out on watching Pixie's lesbian scene yesterday.

CS: Story of my life—a day late and a lesbian short.

JA: (Laughs).





CS: This whole cast seems cool. I love Tommy Pistol.

JA: Everybody loves Tommy Pistol.

CS: Even though you've only been in the business a short time, you're already directing. What's next?

JA: Well, I want to get better at what I'm doing. And I want to make more movies. I want to make lots of different kinds of movies.

CS: What about mainstream movies? Would you like to make any Hollywood films?

JA: No. I don't want to.

CS: That's nice to hear. Most porn stars can't wait to try and make that jump, as if they're ashamed of porn.

JA: Yeah, I don't want to do mainstream. This is what I want to do.

CS: Given the fact that most of the business is out West, I love that Burning Angel is here on the East coast. And it's got the real NYC aesthetic too. You're in Brooklyn, right?

JA: Yes. But I wasn't born and raised there. I'm originally from New Jersey.

CS: So you just finished shooting Pomy Monster, what's next for you?

JA: Sleep.

CS: That makes sense. You're beautiful as always, but you do look exhausted.

JA: I mean, I run a company so this is almost like a vacation day. You know? I'm updating the Web site 24-hours a day, seven days a week. So I'll take a little break for a couple of days, then we'll go back and edit this film, but the Web site is every day.

CS: Do you go out and find all the Burning Angel performers yourself?

JA: I don't really recruit talent. We did that back in the day. We'd use friends and friends of friends. I did like three years ago, but not anymore.

CS: One of the things that impressed me today, which is rare in this business, is the feeling of family on the set. Do you consider everyone here your friends?

JA: Yeah, I do. Running this business involves so much of my life. It's not like I get home from work ever. Running a Web site, you're sitting alone at a computer a lot and it gets lonely. So this is what I look forward to. It's fun for me. That's why it's really important for me that I'm comfortable around the people I'm working with. This is what I like doing, and this is fun for me.

You can visit Joanna at burningangel.com



Before we kick off any of our special sections, we know you want the newest nudes and most up-to-the-minute mamms! That's why we're dishing you our Fresh Flesh!

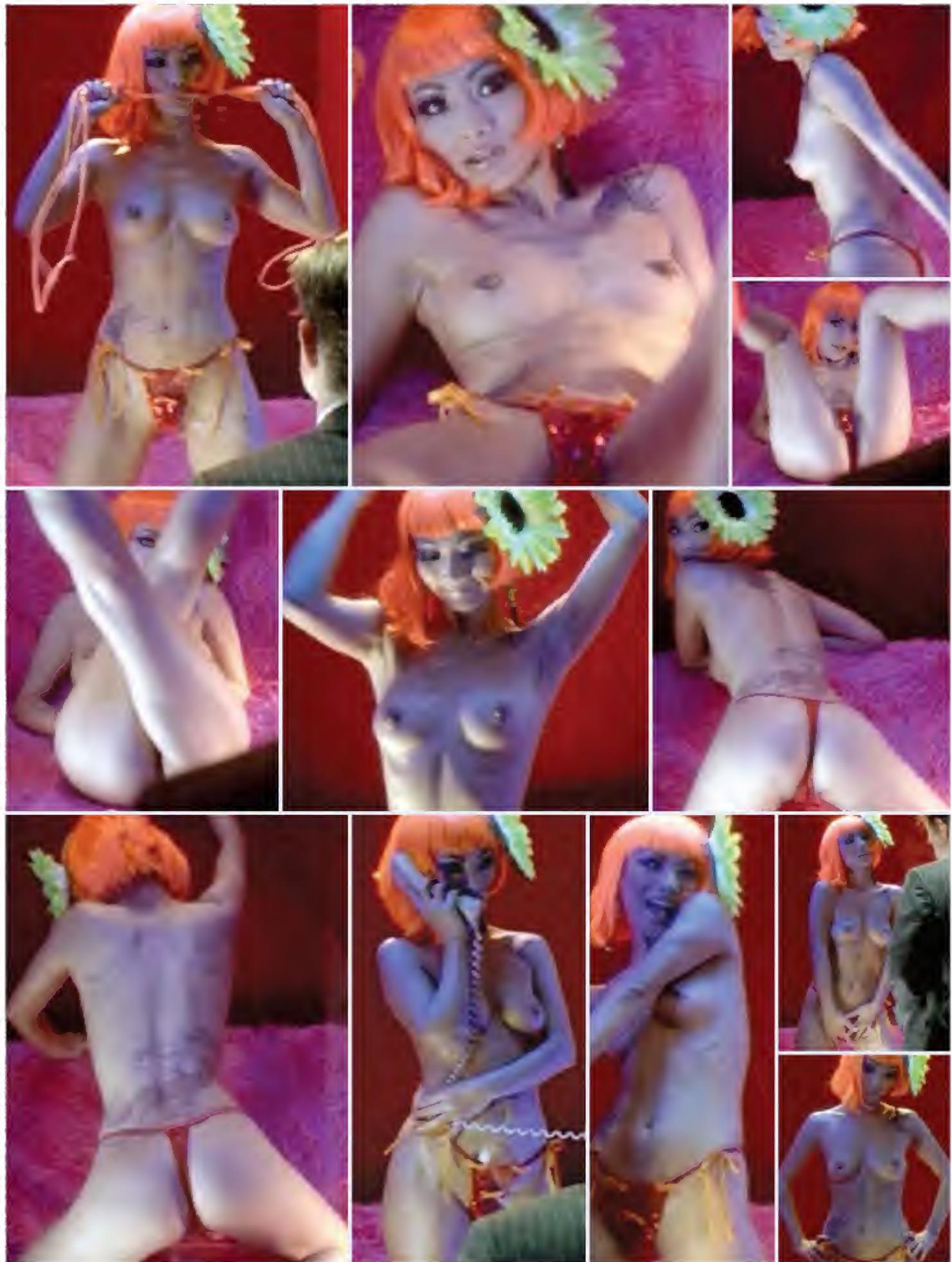


BAI LING

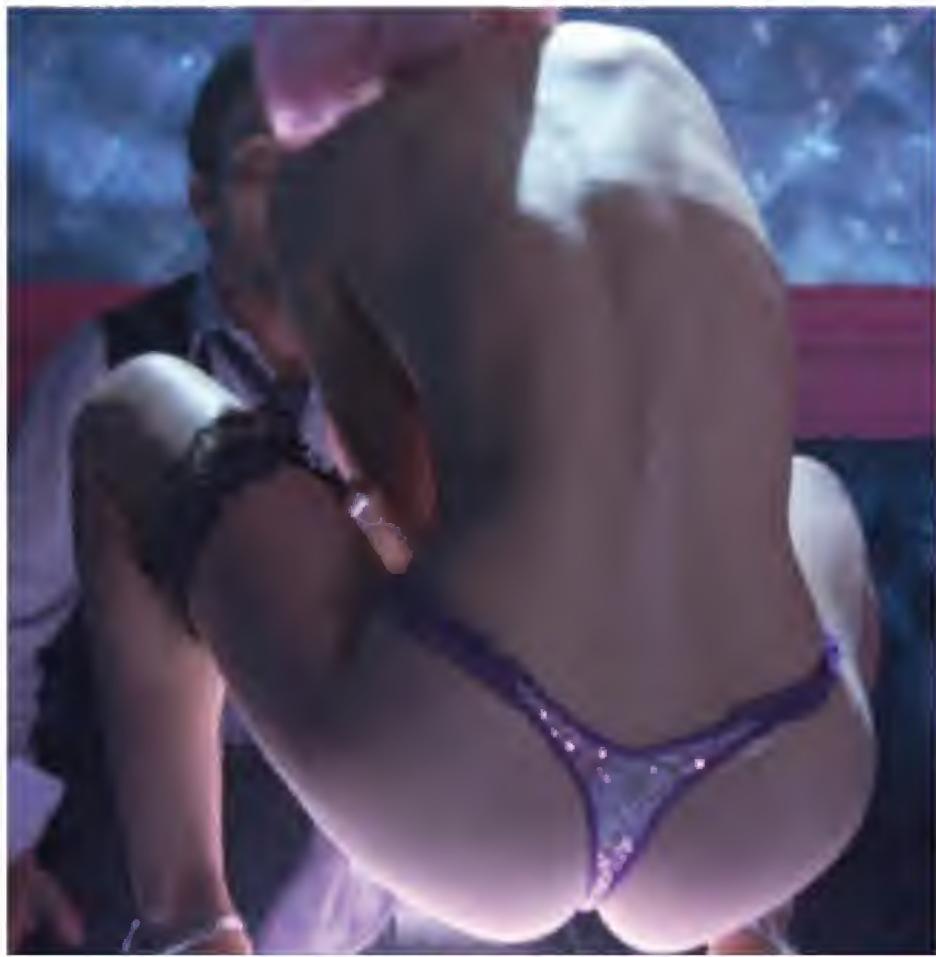
BORN: October 10, 1970, Chengdu, China

SEXY SIGHTINGS: This bilingual beauty didn't flash her fleshy fortune cookie, but did give our thigh-captain a mighty rise, as a sexy stripper in the mini-mound pounding *Edmond* (2005, spread). Bai may have worn an orange wig, but she couldn't hide from us since we'd know those supple Chinese rocks anywhere. That's the kind of *B.Ling bling* we like to see on a girl's chest!





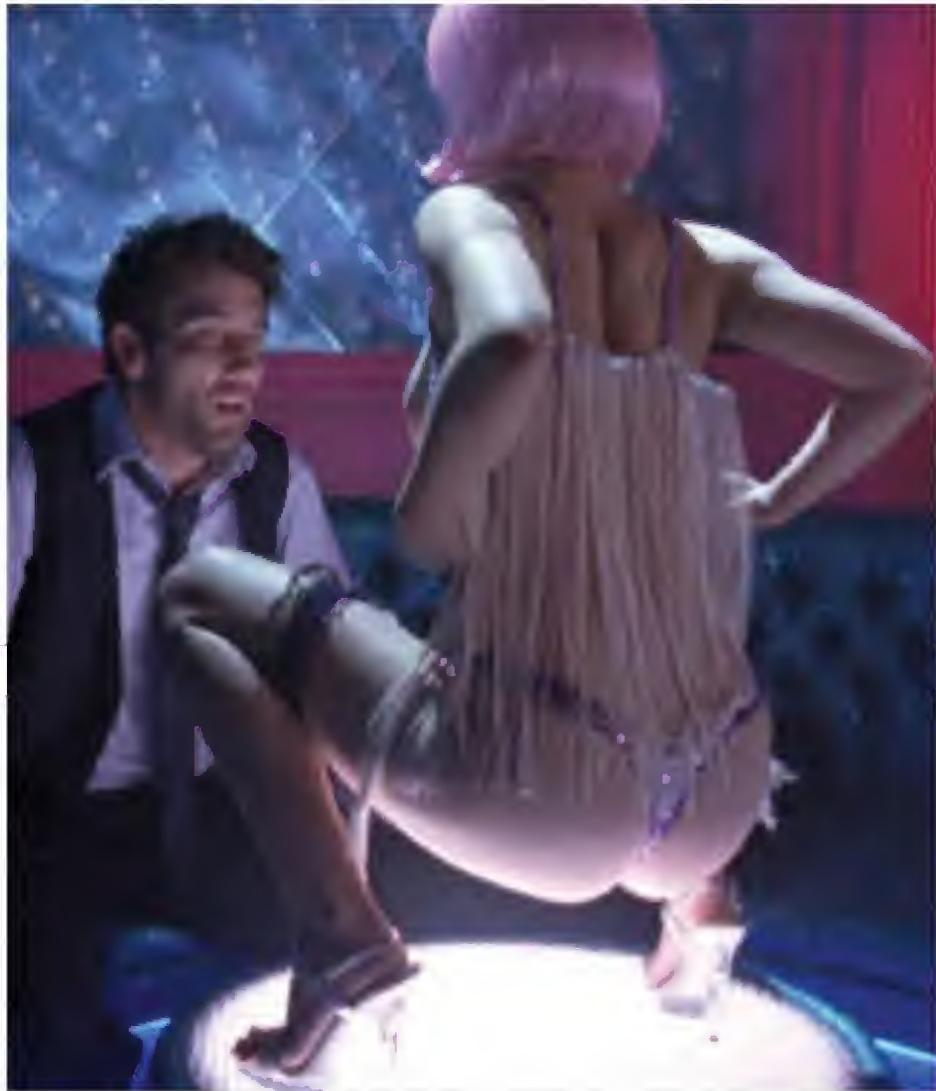
ORIENTAL XXX-PRESS: Ling's sweat and sour striptease leaves us spent, yet wanting her again an hour later. Beautiful Bai is a regular carnal combination plate—but we long to give this dish our Little General's pork!



NATALIE PORTMAN

BORN: June 9, 1981, Jerusalem, Israel

SEXY SIGHTINGS: As long as this professional Lolita keeps her pink-pita under wraps, men will continue to find their hardened gardens in a state of built up tension. Her riveting role as the wig-wearing pole-princess in the academy acclaimed *Closer* (2004, spread), had us wanting her to taste the flavor of our light-saber. We can only hope to set up port in Natalie's nookie.





ATROCITY EXHIBITION: Natalie straddled the thin line of her g-string in a joyous jump from cult-kid to adult-skin as we tried to get a little Closer. Her tempting tease became a skin-o-matic crime as she refused to frolic in the nude.



GWYNETH PALTROW

BORN: September 28, 1972, LA, CA

SEXY SIGHTINGS: As one of Dorothy's foxy friends in *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle* (1994, bottom), and as an inner-beauty hottie in *Shallow Hal* (2001, below and top), Ms. Paltrow made our third-leg grow. Hey, Gwyneth in a thong just can't be wrong!

QUOTE: "Beauty, to me, is about being comfortable in your own skin. That, or a kick-ass red lipstick."



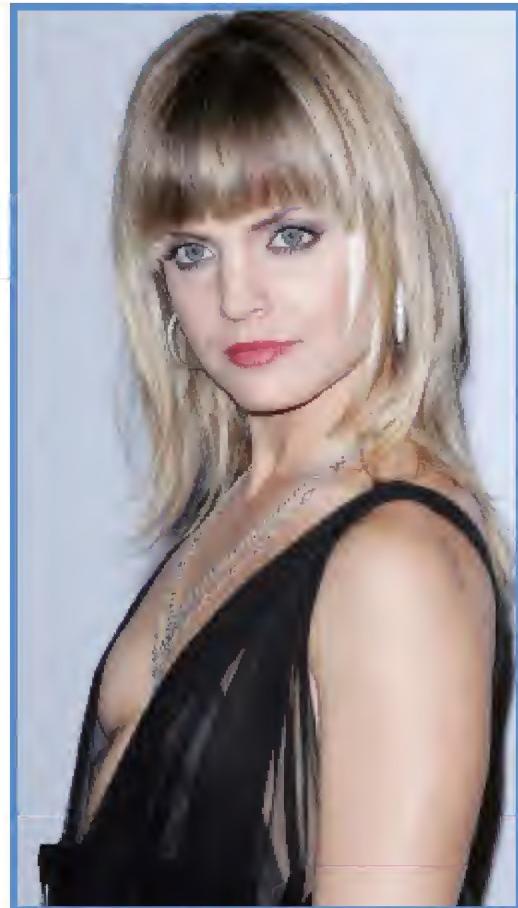


BRIDGET FONDA

BORN: January 27, 1964, LA, CA

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Bridget first had us warming up our easy rider as a young lover in the ten-director erector *Aria* (1987, top and middle). She then brought our love-load to the point of no return as a voluptuous victim in *Single White Female* (1992, bottom). In *Jackie Brown* (1997, below), her bare-bottom bad-girl put the T&A in Tarantino as we fondled our lap-midget for Bridget!





MENA SUVARI

BORN: February, 13, 1979, Newport, RI

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Mena's moist morsels will leave you with a bite-size boner as she plays the billfold-busting pay-to-play date in David Mamet's *Edmond* (2005, below and top). Showing off her petite sweet-treats is nothing new to Suvari, the teen temptress who parted her patriotic pie in *American Beauty* (1999, bottom), a film that puts its rose-petals to the sweater-meat metal!

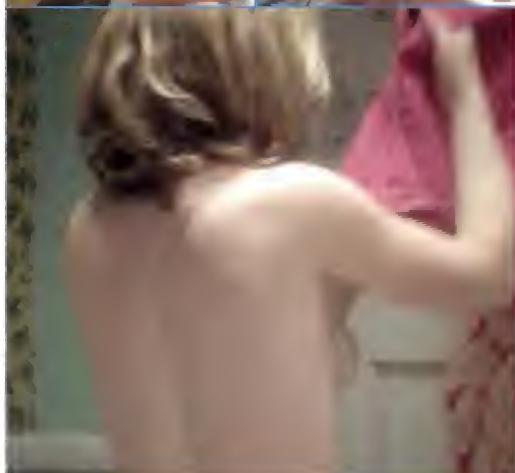




JULIA STILES

BORN: March, 28, 1981, New York, NY

SEXY SIGHTINGS: This pink-panty-clad princess of stage and screen is on course to become one of Hollywood's elite. Julia's murderous turn in *Edmond* (2005, spread) found us guilty of blood-rushing lust. Ms. Stiles plays a sweet waitress who saves her last dance for William H. Macy. We'll happily keep watching as Julia climbs the showbiz ladder with real mamm-momentum!



BRA BUSTERS

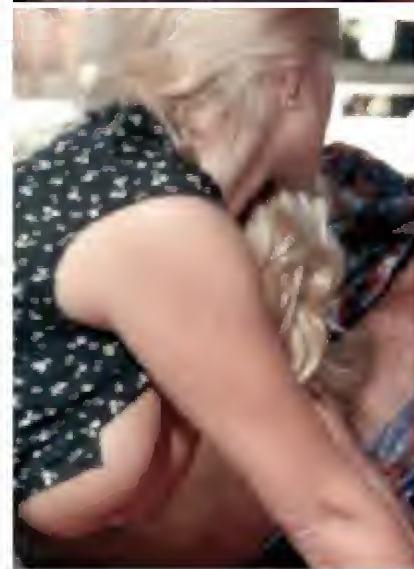
Breast fans, you're in for a real top-heavy treat! We bring you a batch of gals who never met a bra they couldn't bust. Here come the fake, the natural & the supernatural!



ANNA NICOLE SMITH

BORN: November 28, 1967, Houston, TX

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Anna erected our pulsating thigh-scraper with her forty-story cans in *Skyscraper* (1997), but it was the fully loaded gun-groping cook-doc *Anna Nicole Smith: Exposed* (1998, spread) that truly showcased her brickhouse body. Whether she's filling out sweaters or filling out centerfolds, Nicole's fearsome fun-bags have earned their place in our mamm museum!





DOUBLE EXPOSURE: From polishing poles as a topless dancer to shedding pounds as a Slim Fast pitchwoman, Anna's life has had many ups and downs—but with a ravishing rack like that, it's no wonder she always bounces back!



SARA RUE

BORN: January 26, 1979, New York, NY

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Rue's robust round rubies gigantically gleamed with a lofty luster in *Gypsy 83* (2001, spread), a film that displayed Sara's sagging sandbags in all their gargantuan glory. In the flick, goth-lover Sara drags her mammoth 40-pound mounds to NYC for the Night of a Thousand Stevies. Skyscrapers fall once Sara's dairy dirigibles declare war on the lactose intolerant!



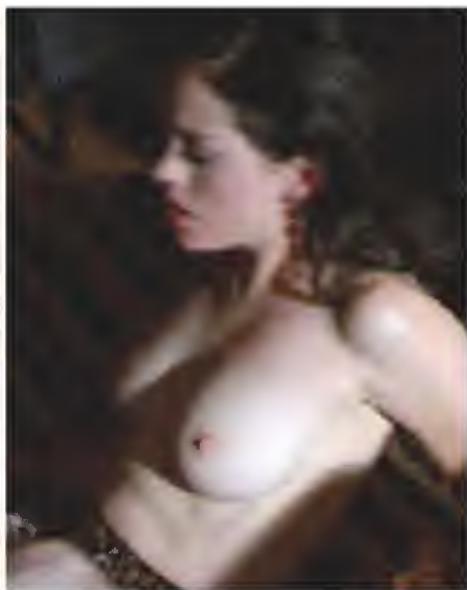


83 DOUBLE D: It's going to take all the pounding power in your dork-lift to raise Rue's ample mantle-pieces. Prepare to sput the spunk in spelunk as you scale Sarah's mountable-mountains in a journey that's bound to end in a clit-hanger!





AREOLA BOREALIS: As Anne's career is reaching ass-tronomical heights, one can only hope that she doesn't cover-up those heavenly celestial spheres. Our big dipper is begging to bathe Hathaway's pink-pathway in a meat-eor shower!



ROSE McGOWAN

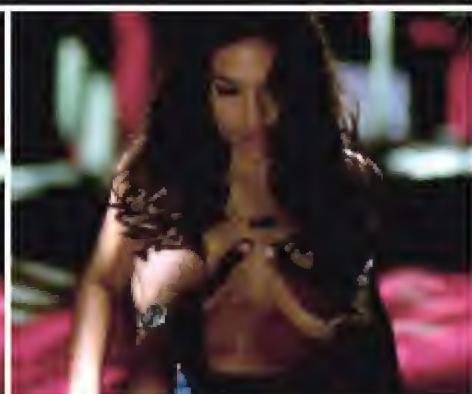
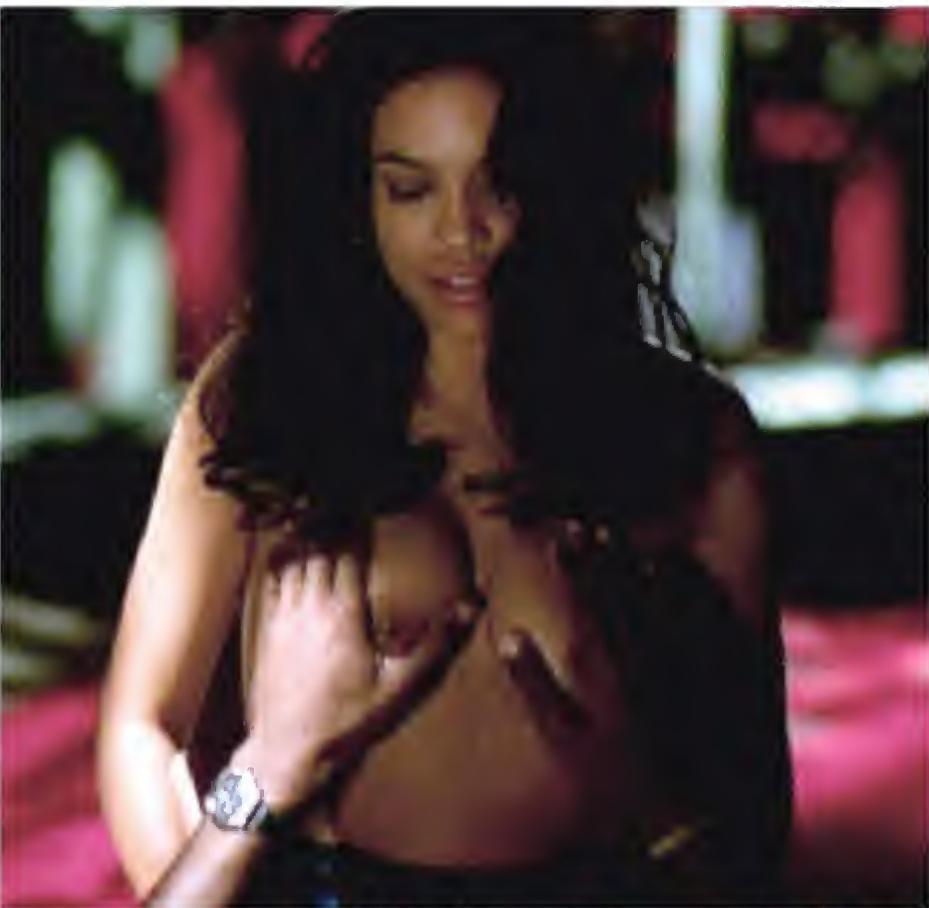
BORN: September 5, 1973, Florence, Italy

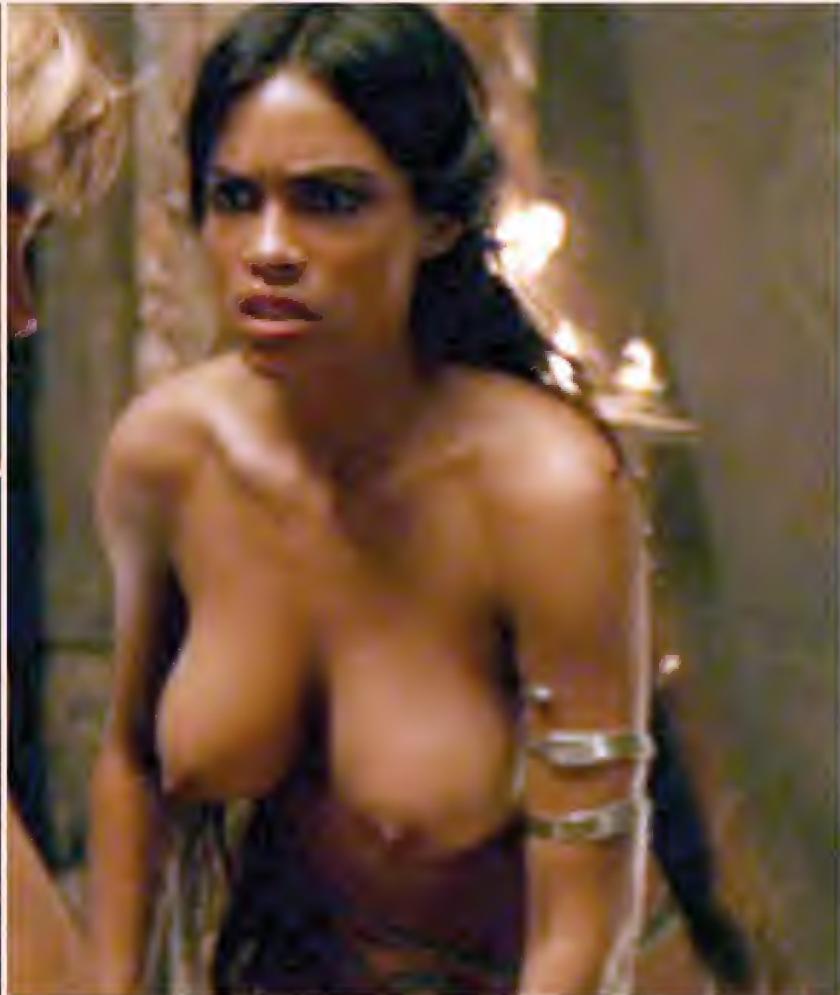
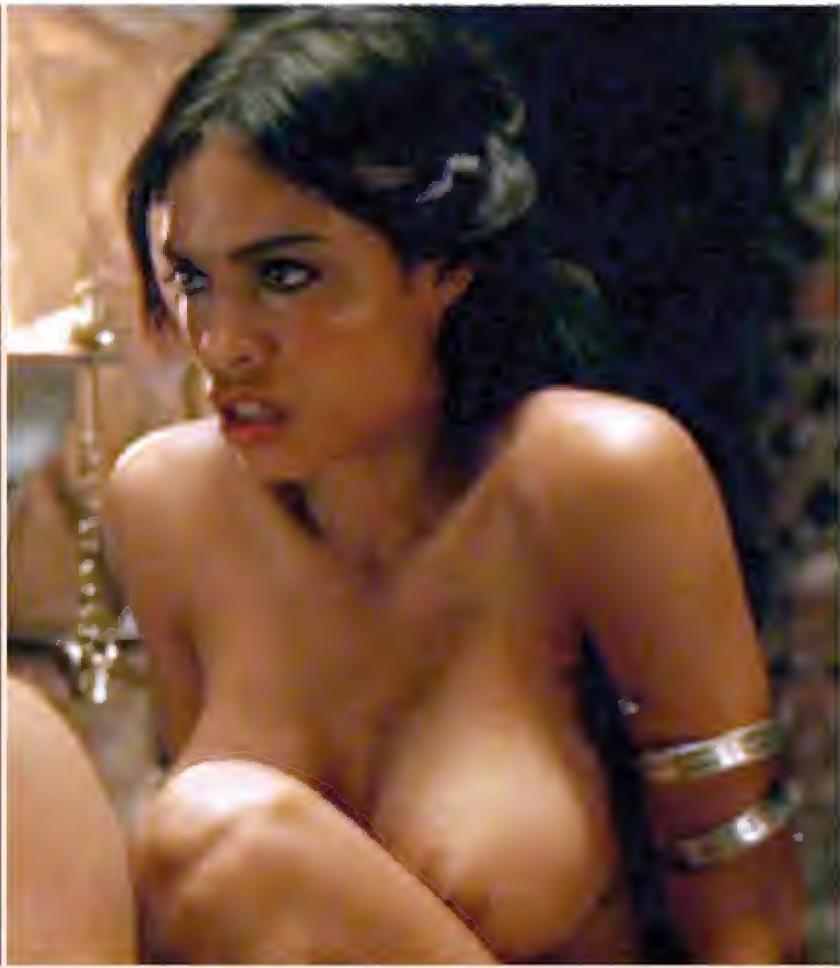
SEXY SIGHTINGS: Rose's budding bosom had viewer's choke-holding their charmed third-arm in *The Doom Generation* (1995, opposite page), cum-demurring them to masturbation ruination! Rose topped this with *Going All the Way* (1997, this page), a film set in 1954 that features McGowan making some guy's wet-dream cum true as she's at her Bettie Page-doppelgänger best!





GRIND ONE OUT!: Rose will have your fist-flag rising to the occasion in *Grind House* (2007), a Tarantino project that will propel McGowan's under-the-hood goods back onto screens big enough to fully enjoy her gooey goth-globes!

**ROSARIO DAWSON****BORN:** May 9, 1979, New York, NY**SEXY SIGHTINGS:** Knowing that Dawson comes with a double-d dowry, Spike Lee needed her knee-knockers to slam dunk our spunk in the ball-bouncing *He Got Game* (1998, below and top). She would go on to beat our buzzer with a money-shot showing in Oliver Stone's *Alexander* (2004, bottom and opposite page), in which Colin Farrell conquers her heavy ar-tit-ery.



MACEDONIAN MILK SHAKE: Rosario's gargantuan gumdrops had Stone's directorial bone swiping at her shaft-shield as she willfully flashed her three killer B's in a steamy sex scene that will surely slay your rigid warrior.



JESSICA PARE

BORN: December 5, 1982, Canada

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Jessica's delectable debut in *Stardom* (2000, this page and opposite top), her *whoah!*-worthy whoppers took her from smalltown tart to super-sexed siren. Thankfully Jess had us *cumming* back for more heavy-handed hooter horseplay in *Lost and Delirious* (2001, opposite bottom), a film that will find you suffering from the DT's: *Delirium Tits!*





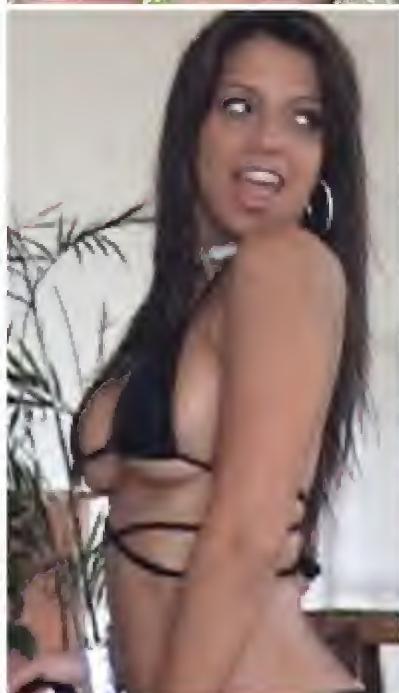
A PERFECT PARE: Jessica boldly beat the indie-film scene when she played a likable love interest in the Josh Hartnett thriller *Wicker Park* (2004). We wouldn't mind parking our wicker-woody between her drenched bush-bench!



VIDA GUERRA

BORN: March 19, 1974, Havana, Cuba

SEXY SIGHTINGS: This prick-primping pin-up has plastered our pages with her brand-name backside—but now we're celebrating her other curvy capital. Guerra's cuban mouth-missiles will cause a crisis in your pants! Vida's *Photoshoot Calendar* (2006, this page) and her thong-raiding romp in *Dorm Daze 2* (2006, opposite page) show her world-class ass isn't the end of her assets!





WHAT'S ANOTHER WORD FOR PIRATE TREASURE? BOOTY!: Men rave about her golden-delicious applebottom, but any campus hunk or punk would love to let his bulging blouse-mouse explore Vida's gold-laden treasure chest!



JENNA JAMESON

BORN: April 9, 1974, Las Vegas, NV

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Jenna's top-heavy tongue-tumblers have faithfully filled our mouth-mug since *Private Parts* (1997, opposite page), in which she played a very nude superfan. We saw all her natural-born beauty in *Thinking XXX* (2004, this page), which displayed her DD's in a perfect light.

FACT: The intoxicating Jenna took the name Jameson in honor of the Irish whiskey.





BOOZE & COOZE: Whether she's taking on Howard Stern's micro-bone straight-up, or pounding back a couple of her costar cocktails on her rocks, you'll throttle your bottle for Jenna. With this Jameson, any hour is a happy hour!

BRA BUSTERS

Ha
LATE TA



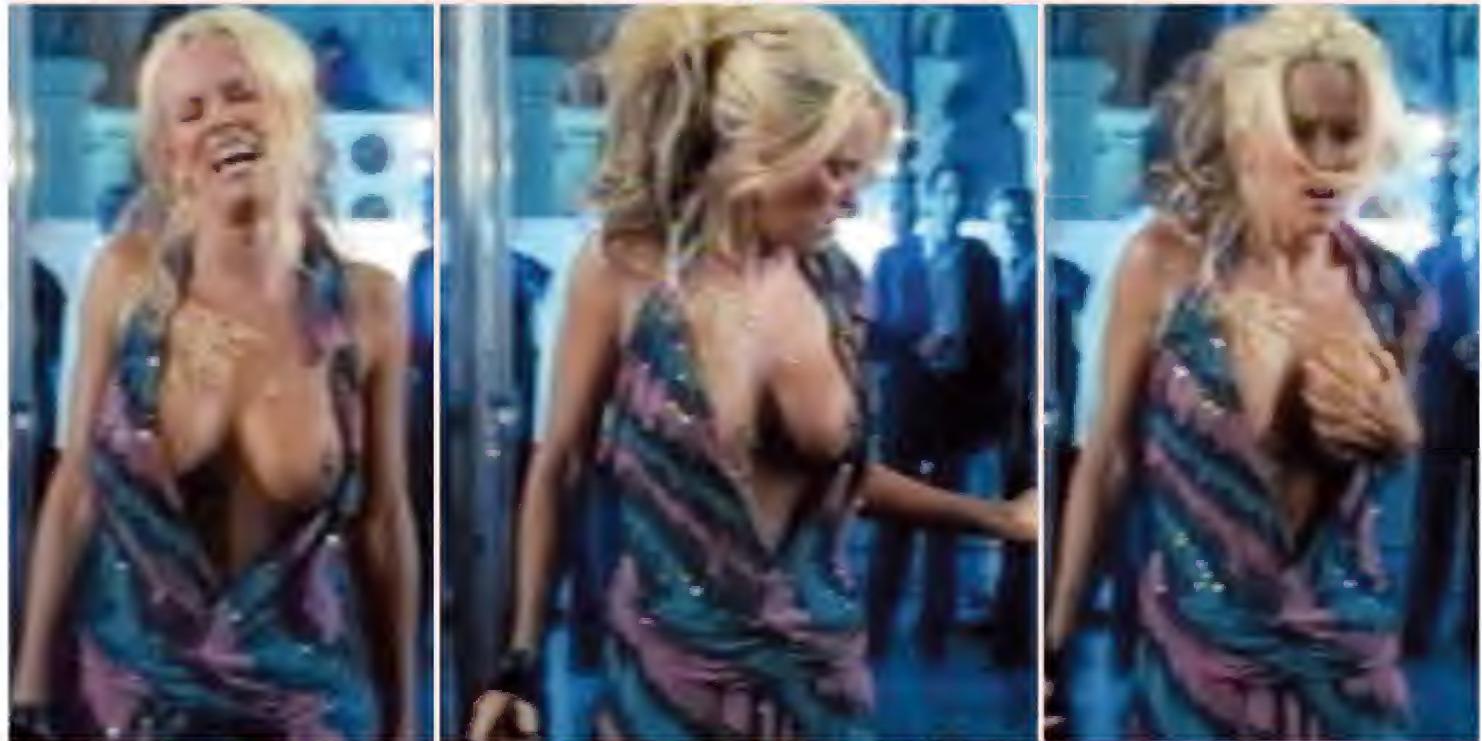
JENNY MCCARTHY

BORN: November 1, 1972, Chicago, IL

SEXY SIGHTINGS: We've singled out this busty bunny because we love her constant cavernous cleavage in films like *Dirty Love* (2005, spread). Jenny's juicy jugs will always set off our one-armed alarm!

QUOTE: "I don't sleep in anything. I have to be nude, and if I'm not, I end up ripping my clothes off in the middle of the night." Sounds like a plan!





XXX-TRA DIRTY: Jenny's never been afraid to bring out the big guns when it cum's time to have a little floppy fun. In the film *Dirty Love*, fashion-plate Jen proves that her breasts look good in anything, chiffon, silk, vomit—you name it!

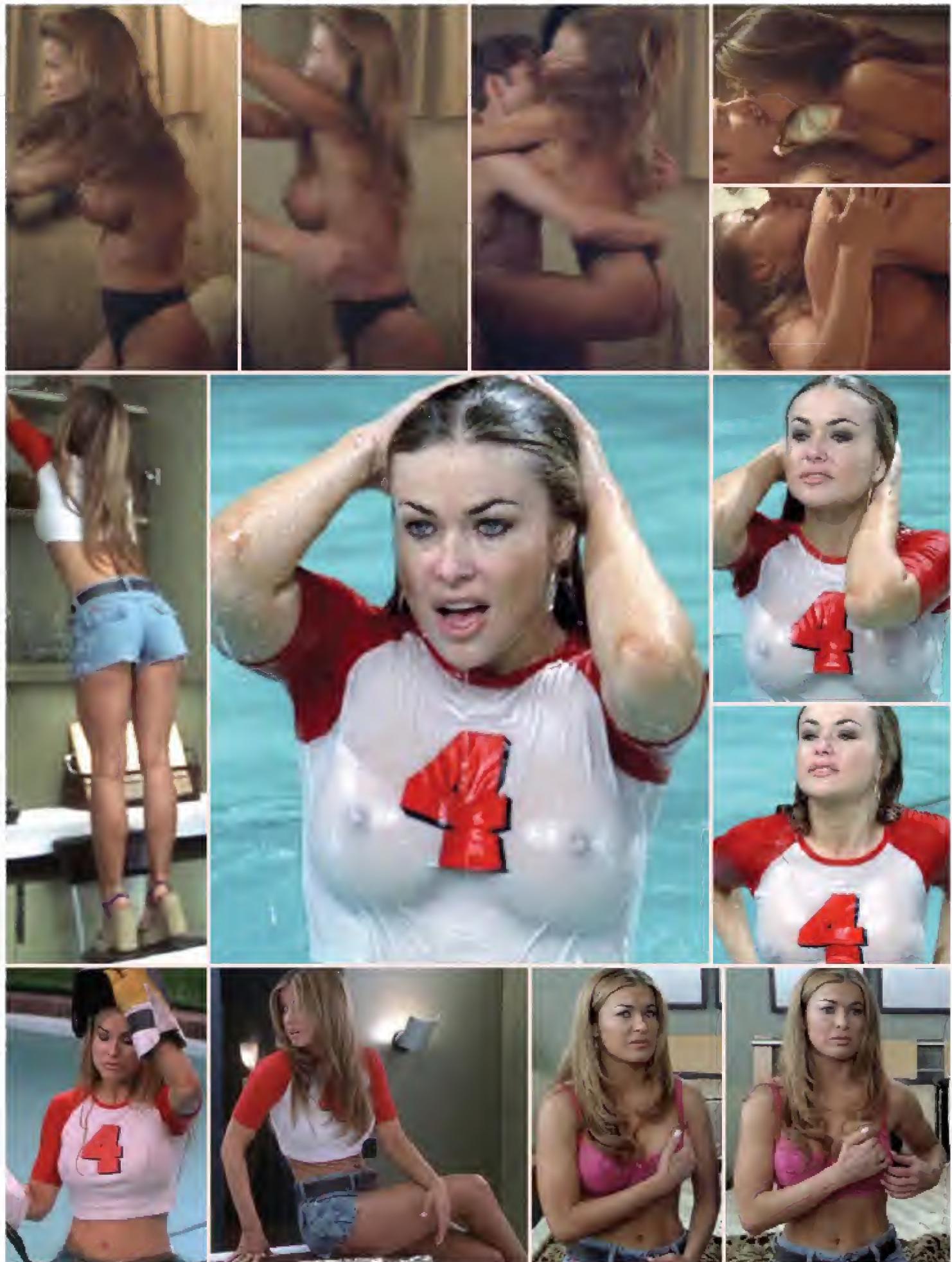


CARMEN ELECTRA

BORN: April 20, 1972, Sharonville, OH

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Carmen's caramel-colored lap-apples have had our pull-bully breathlessly bobbing in its gushing glaze-cave for a decade. From *The Mating Habits of the Earthbound Human* (1999, this page and opposite top) to *My Boss's Daughter* (2003, opposite middle, bottom), Carmen's supple suck-couple brings a bouncy beat to any film suffering from a juggy deficiency.





MOUNT NEVER-REST: In *My Boss's Daughter*, Ashton Kutcher is after his titular crush, Tara Reid. But thanks to temptress Carmen, Ashton has as much trouble staying faithful as he would finishing the *New York Times* crossword!



JEANNIE MILLAR

BORN: August 11, 1974, Thailand

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Jeannie's joy-jugs have been putting a little milk in our Thai-tea since her g-string-stinging showcase in *Black Scorpion II: Aftershock* (1997, below and top). She flirtatiously followed with another crotch-quaking epic *The Awakening of Gabriella* (1999, bottom and opposite page), which will leave you bright-eyed as you watch her bushy tail and towering tits!





MILLAR'S TWIN PILLARS: Our upright skin-shaft lustfully leaps for Jeannie's juicy twosome! Ms. Millar so wetly woke our scrotum-spoke with her carnal carousing around the pool! Only big boys are allowed to dive in her deep end!



RACHEL MYERS

SEXY SIGHTINGS: In the slash-my-gash sinister sorority flick *Delta Delta Diet* (2003, spread), Rachel playfully pledges her pristine grad-pads in order to join the Delta's devious dollhouse. While you're busy feasting your eyes on Myers's massive kegs, her seductive sisters are busy cannibalizing the school's male population. It's a wonder that Rachel can find time to take a shower in between all the in-house and out-of-house man-meat munching that's going on!





BIG MAMMS ON CAMPUS: Rachel's Delta-house shower had our pink-thinker rocketing to the head of the class, not to mention her ass! Ms. Myer's well-rounded education will cum in handy when schooling our drooling tongues.



CHRISTY CANYON

BORN: June 17, 1966, Pasadena, CA

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Christy's cantilopes have been filling up screens and stiffening jeans for years as one of hardcore's legendary lusty vixens. *Thinking XXX* (2004, spread) gives us a perfect look at this porn-queen's rack-ravine that has had many a man gorging themselves at the sight of those grand canyons. They'll make you want to put a spasm in her crotch chasm.



SHAGALICIOUS SIRENS

They are the mojo-blowin' babes that helped Austin Powers and his swinging sex-ties style bag the bad-guys. These groovy girls will give you a Double-O orgasm!





MIMI'S NOT-SO-MINI-ME'S: Bryan Brown lubed-up Mimi's magnificent melons with the deep-tissue teaser Full Body Massage (1995, this page), a film that's heavy on the hand-cream and easy on your one-eyed monster!

SHAGALICIOUS SIRENS



BEYONCÉ KNOWLES

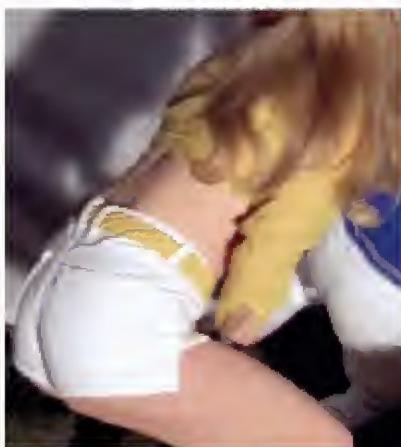
BORN: September 4, 1981, Houston, TX

SEXY SIGHTINGS: This succulent singer played Foxy Cleopatra, the perfect parter to Austin's master(bating) spy in *Austin Powers: Goldmember* (2002, this page and opposite top). You'll be fighting the temptation to mount your mini-member as Beyoncé takes on evil, obesity and bikinis. Your pink panther will be shooting it's milky-mojo all over this mocha-mama's mamms!



READY FOR THIS JELLY?: This fine-ass badass will have you singing her hip-hopera out of the other side of your mouth if you mess with her. Next time you say her name, remember, it's Beyoncé—with a capital B as in bootyllicious!

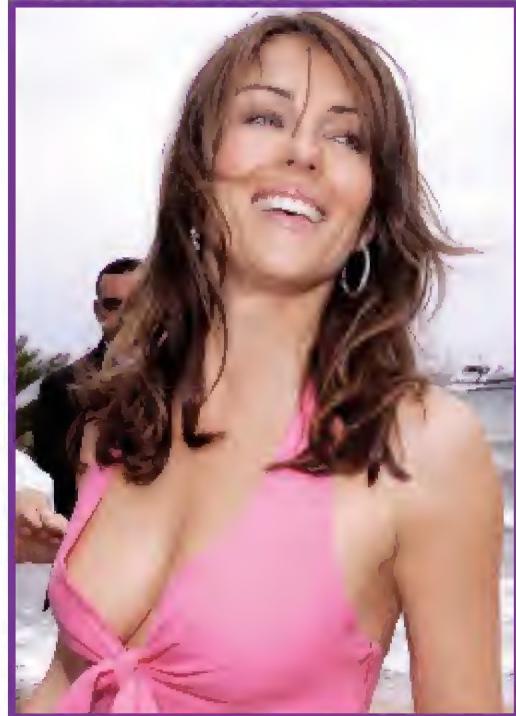
SHAGALICIOUS SIRENS





BOOTY NIGHTS: Heather undid her jeans and skated into our dreams as the porn-princess Rollergirl in Boogie Nights (1997, this page), P.T. Anderson's epic dick-flick. Our wheels were spinning as she rolled Mark Wahlberg's diggler.

SHAGALICIOUS SIRENS





WORLD'S DEADLIEST ASS-ASS-INS: In the double-murder mystery *The Weight of Water* (2000, this page), Elizabeth cashed in her roundable-pounds by seductively showing off her beautiful British-bits. We'd polish those crowns any day!

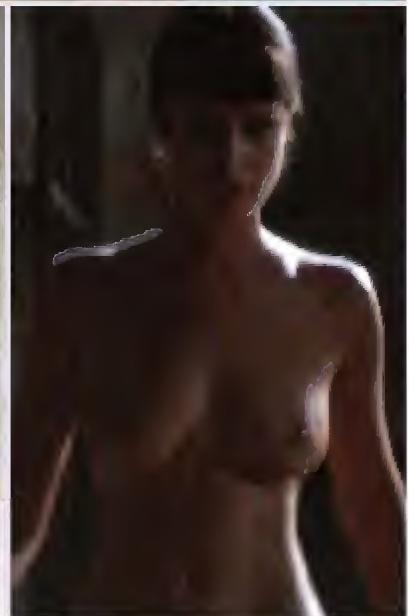
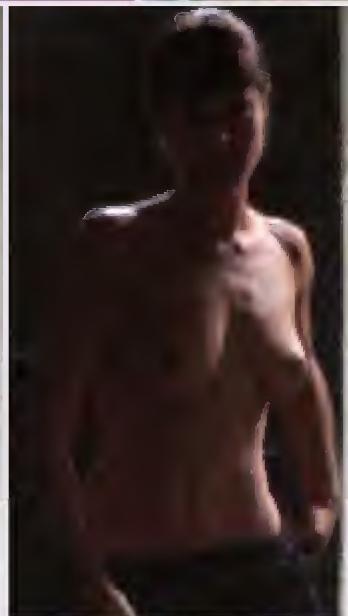
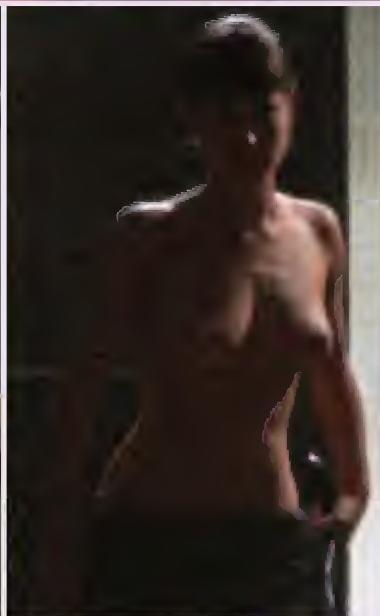
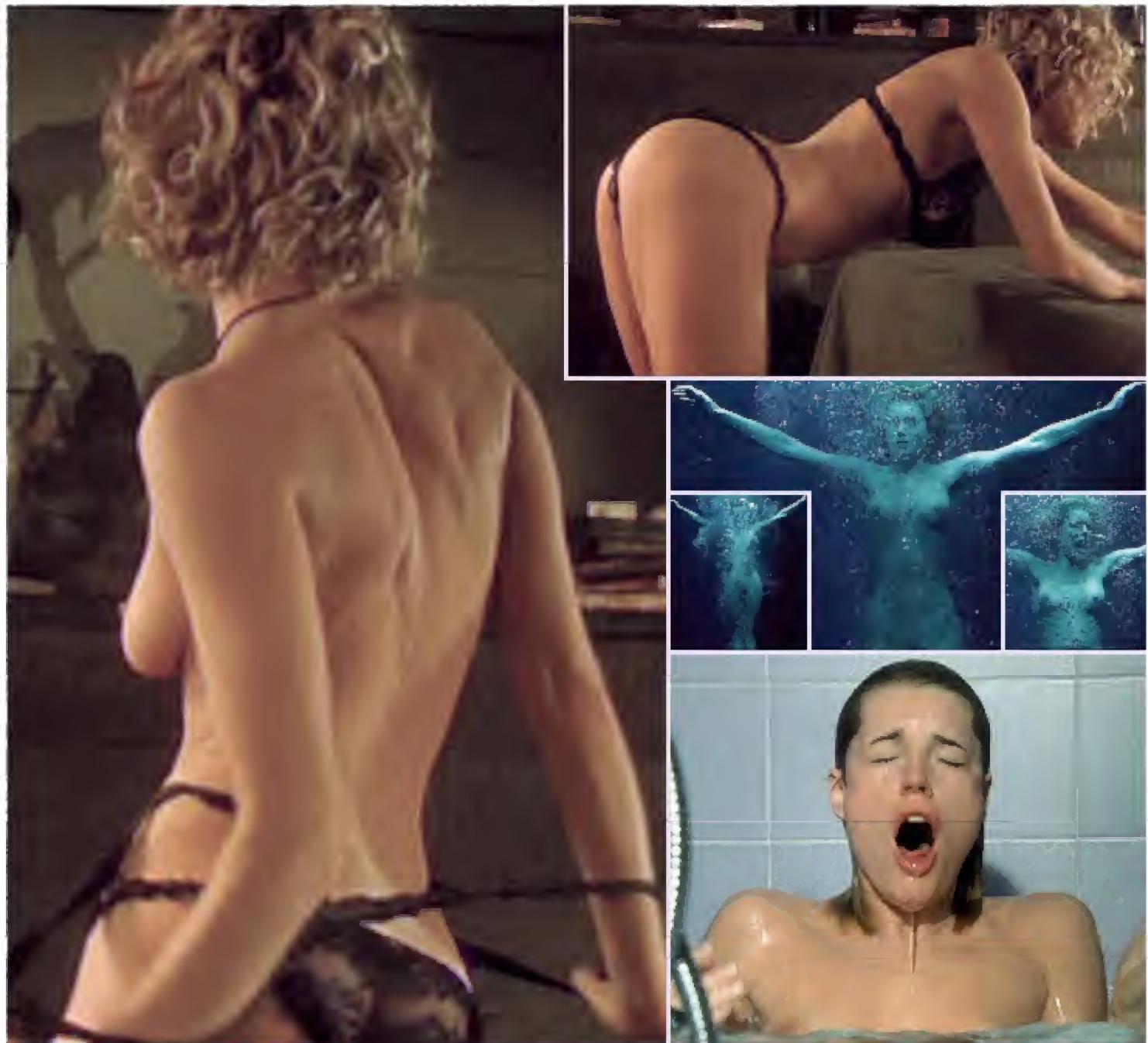


REBECCA ROMIJN

BORN: November 6, 1972

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Rebecca's A+ cleavage was no secret as she made a fur-caped cameo in *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* (1999, below), and had our fist-fag ready to shag. Recca's role as a Victoria's Secret model paid off as she laced-up (and stripped down) in *Femme Fatale* (2002, this page and opposite top)—a film that'll make you sputter ball-butter in your De Palma!





ROLL OR BALL?: For more bone-tapping time with Ms. Romijn, check out her rounds in the dirty-derby remake *Rollerball* (2002, above), a film that featured her runway-seasoned rack in a hot-box-office bust!

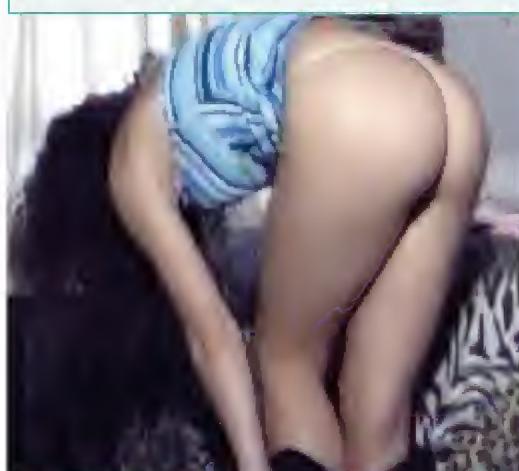
PEEP-WORTHY VIXENS

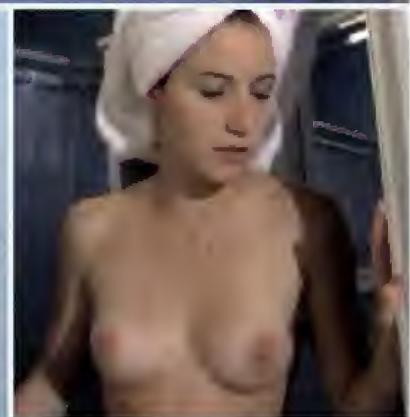


SATIVA VERTE

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Sativa's sensational skin shows that she a hottie worth salivating over. She certainly had our pound-puppy barking at her backside as the frizzy haired honey in the horn-dog-heaven horror show *Knight of the Peepers* (2006, spread). We're privy to every edible inch of Verte's viewable duo as she's unwillingly watched disrobing. Get ready to explode your load as she struts her stuffed-muff as this voyeuristic voyage proves lethal to your longevity.

These scantilly-clad babes from *Knight of the Peepers* (2006) battle two sex-crazed killers in an erotic palm-filler that'll have your peeping tongue-tom ready to pop!





SALSA VERTE: When our carnal craving for delicious slit starts stirring, there's very little we can do calm our medieval muff-munchies. Enter Sativa, who's spicy butt-buffet will have your knob-knight dinnin at her mound table!



TATIANNA STONE

SEXY SIGHTINGS: Tatianna's tantalizing T&A certainly cumbs into play as becomes a target for a little maniac-manhandling. This cream-pie cutie plays the unsuspecting fuck-fledgling who deviously displays her killer girl-curves as she feverishly fends off a pair of perverted pursuers in *Knight of the Peepers* (2006, spread). As the marauding murderers swoon over her palatable poon, take comfort in Stone's seductive scenes that will leave you hard as a rock!





NIKI NOTARILE

BORN: April 11, 1984, Kfar Saba, Israel

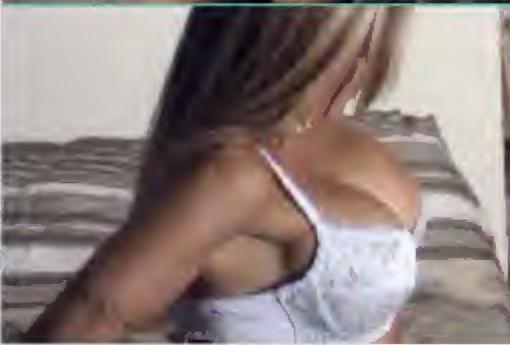
SEXY SIGHTINGS: Sticky Niki's naughty knack for sleaze cinema landed her a pole ramming role as one of the giddy girls who bare their sweaty soul-holes in *Knight of the Peepers* (2006, spread). This drop-dead gorgeous ghoul groping, with her jet-black hair and silky slit-skin, is so tempting, we couldn't help unleashing our love-hound on her middle-eastern cream-mound!





HEATHER POLAMIS

SEXY SIGHTINGS: This bubbly blonde bombshell victimized our voyeurism-gasm, as we secretly sought a peek at her luscious lactation-lollipops. Her heaving mother-udders bounced and jiggled as she tried to wiggle her way to safety in *Knight of the Peepers* (2006, spread). We were scared stiff as Polamis pried her playfully parts from the slippery slaying of death's groin-grabbing grip. She's got our psycho-killer phallic-filler ready to stuff her hairy horror-hole!



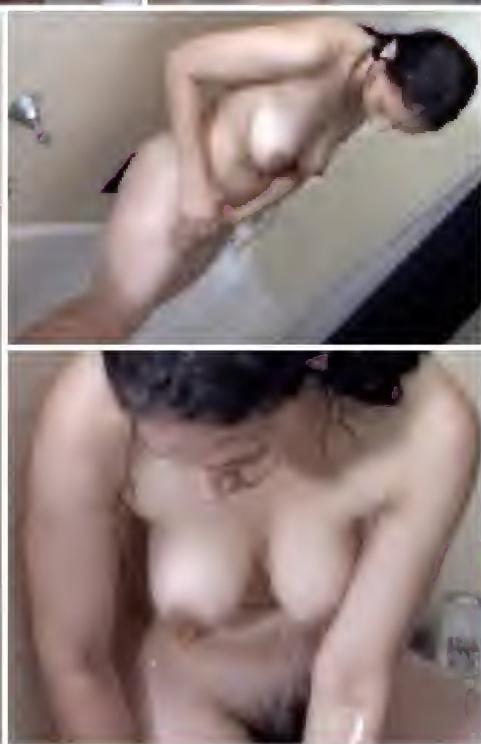


GRAHAM CRACKIN: Heathers devilish debauch, Heathers devilish debauch,



TARA ASHLEIGH

SEXY SIGHTINGS: When a killer Knight cumbs back from the dead, he's looking for a pair of lively lap lollipops to sweep the cock-webs off his headstones. In *Knight of the Peeper* (2006, spread), our medieval maniac finds the perfect midnight snack with the highly lickable Tara. Her jiggly body armor would awaken even the deadliest of jousting poles and, thanks to Tara, this frisky flick will chill you to your boner. We wouldn't send her tits out on a *knight* like this!





KNIGHT-TIME SHOWER: Poor Tara doesn't know she's being ogled by a mad knight who wants to go medieval on her ass! Then again, Tara's got men everywhere that see this layout wielding their broadswords!

AN OPINIONATED OVERVIEW OF FLESH-HEAVY CINEMATIC ODDITIES RECENTLY UNLEASHED ON DVD.

by Brock Avalon

BLISS (2002)

NUDES: Mikela J. Mikael, Tara Spencer-Nairn, Victoria Sanchez, Jenny Levine, Michelle Duquet, Torri Higginson, Shannon Lawson, Gina Wilkinson, Michelle Lipper, Paule Ducharme, Veronica Hurnick

THE SKINNY: Oprah Winfrey's cable network We picked up the Canadian TV drama *Bliss* for rebroadcast and, outrageously, excised all the nudity. Be grateful yet again, then, for DVD technology. Now you can enjoy the woman-written, woman-directed *Bliss* as you were meant to: intrigued by its female point-of-view, engrossed in its portrayal of the human drama, and—most importantly—absolutely ga-ga over the knockout naked cast members.

BUY IT: MTIvideo.com

CINDERELLA 2000 (1977)

NUDES: Catherine Erhardt, Buri Cowans, Sherri Coyle, Adina Ross, uncredited nudes

THE SKINNY: In the future, no one can hear you orgasm. Because it's against the law. At least that's the premise of *Cinderella 2000*—Legendary schlock-maven Al Adamson's entry in the profoundly quizzical '70s sexploitation subgenre in which beloved fairy tales got naked tits-and-tails makeovers. Cindy (Catherine Erhardt) has the familiar wicked stepmom her and a fairy godfather, but this time her dirty work entails toppling her planet's anti-sex regime by seducing all comers in sight. This garish, gaudy, bawdy and, above all, bare-bodied drive-in classic is great fun, and it gets a first-rate special edition on this new DVD from the heroic folks at Seduction Cinema.

EXTRAS: Producer commentary, U.S and European versions of the film, trailers, booklet

BUY IT: RetroSeductionCinema.com

THE CONVENANT: BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL (2006)

NUDES: Chandra West, Sandra Steier

THE SKINNY: Edward Furlong, Arnie's pal in *Terminator 2*, goes dark and demonic in the horror flick *The Covenant: Brotherhood of Evil*. Eddie plays a cane-wielding villain in this youth-oriented supernatural drama, but be prepared to sprout your own walking stick when Sandra Steier turns up topless, and Chandra West shows the rolling hills she's concealing just south of the seat of her hip-hugger jeans.

BUY IT: AlluminationFilmWorks.com

ELVIRA'S MOVIE MACABRE: DR. FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE OF FREAKS (1974)

NUDES: Simonetta Vitelli, Christiane Rücker, Annamaria Tornello

THE SKINNY: This Shout Factory film focuses on the sinister scientist of the title, but "freaks" may seem like a harsh term to use for the movie's Italian eyefuls who are nothing less than superhumanly beautiful. Voluptuous Simonetta Vitelli plays Maria Frankenstein, lady of the (mad) house, and she receives ample support from servants such as a berserk dwarf and a thuggish caveman. Hey, with talent on hand as alluring as Christiane Rücker and Annamaria Tornello, simple maids and butlers will not do.

BUY IT: ShoutFactory.com

THE FEEDING (2006)

NUDES: Kara Maria Amedon, Courtney Hogan, Lynnili James, Jennifer Leigh

THE SKINNY: Nature, for all its beauty, is often terrifying. Just ask the survivors of a tornado or a forest fire or, better yet, watch a horror movie like *The Feeding*. Here, a group of hikers traverse the Appalachian mountains only to be confronted by feral beasts, untamed locals and an "ancient evil," which makes the first two look downright hospitable. Honoring the tradition of "don't-go-in-the-woods" flicks such as, well, *Don't Go in the Woods*, *The Feeding* dishes out copious female nudity that will satisfy your hunger for hotties.

EXTRAS: Trailers, gallery

BUY IT: LionsGateFilms.com/video



HEADSPACE (2004)

NUDES: Pollyanna McIntosh, Tatiana Vidus

THE SKINNY: Christopher Dennis plays a young intellectual in the sci-fi thriller *Headspace* who explores hallucinatory new dimensions in consciousness, and it's pure fun and grooviness when the trips include naked visits from Pollyanna McIntosh and Tatiana Vidus. But, once our intrepid psychonaut crashes, it seems like people around him turn up dead. When watching *Headspace*, leave a little extra room in the front of your pants - that particular head is going to need some space!

EXTRAS: Bonus footage, trailer

BUY IT: dvdempire.com



Headspace

SHOUJYO (2001)

NUDES: Noriko Hamada, Mari Natsuki, Mayui Ozawa

THE SKINNY: The Japanese thriller *Shoujyo* plays something like a Far East version of '70s sleaze wallowers such as *Taxi Driver* or *Hardcore*, but with wild kinks and crazy turn-ons all its own. Burnt-out cop Tomokawa (Eiji Okuda) tracks the downward descent of a degenerate young beauty (Mayui Ozawa). He is frantically trying to save her, but that doesn't stop us from witnessing her sex-addled excursion into the most dangerous fringes of human existence. *Shoujyo* is a dark, nerve-jangling joy to behold.

BUY IT: dvdempire.com



Shoujyo

SINFUL (2006)

NUDES: Misty Mundae, Erika Smith

THE SKINNY: Is she Misty Mundae? Or is she Erin Brown? It's a mystery these days when it comes to the 21st century's premier B-movie super-siren but, call her what you will, she's her usual screen-full of pure star power and erotic overdrive in *Sinful*. Erin is actually billed as "Misty" in *Sinful* which—if you're keeping track—is a sure sign that you'll be seeing her completely nude—a lot! Here, Misty plays a woman hellbent on reproducing a loveless marriage made worse by a happy couple moving in next door. And when the neighbors announce that there will be an addition to their family, it sends Misty off the charts in terms of a jealous rage. *Sinful* is a sharp, twisted little shocker made all the more potent by its leading lady's presence—and pubis.

EXTRAS: Director commentary, making-of documentary, Misty Mundae interview, film festival clips,

BUY IT: PopCinema.net



SUBURBAN SECRETS (2004)

NUDES: Andrea Davis, Isadora Edison, Kay Kirtland, Chelsea Mundae, AJ Khan, Tina Tyler

THE SKINNY: Pioneering 1960s exploitation director Joe Sarno returns to the genre he helped invent with *Suburban Secrets*. This swanky Seduction Cinema release is a study of what happens when big-city nude model Laura (Isadora Edison) returns to the backward burg of her youth and blows the lid off the lascivious doings going down behind all those closed doors.

EXTRAS: Two-disc edition, Special director's cut, "Hot TV" cut, making-of documentary, film festival documentary, trailers, booklet

BUY IT: SeductionCinema.com



Suburban Secrets

VIDEO RESOURCES

CELEBRITY SKIN recommends the following video companies for locating amazing and erotic DVDs

ANCHOR BAY ENTERTAINMENT.....	anchorbayentertainment.com
BLUE UNDERGROUND.....	blue-underground.com
ELITE ENTERTAINMENT.....	elitedisc.com
IMAGE ENTERTAINMENT.....	image-entertainment.com
MEDIA BLASTERS.....	media-blasters.com
PATHFINDER PICTURES.....	pathfinderpictures.com
RETRO MEDIA.....	retromedia.org
SEDUCTION CINEMA.....	seductioncinema.com
SHOCK-O-RAMA FILMS.....	shock-o-rama.com
SHOCKING VIDEOS.....	revengeismydestiny.com
SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO.....	somethingweird.com
SYNAPSE FILMS.....	synapse-films.com
WICKED PIXEL FILMS.....	wickedpixel.com



SHAGALICIOUS SIRENS

THE FOXY FEMMES OF AUSTIN POWERS!

www.celebrityskin.com



BEYONCÉ KNOWLES

HEATHER GRAHAM



LIZ HURLEY



MIMI ROGERS



REBECCA ROMIJN

